

FAIRS FOR 1886.

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
MICH. STATE AG. SOCIETY	JACKSON	SEPT. 18 to 19	J. C. STERLING	Monroe
Michigan Horticultural Society	Clarkston	Sept. 18 to 19	Chas. W. Garfield	Clarkston
Michigan State Ag. Society	Indianapolis	Sept. 27 to Oct. 3	Alex. Heron	Indianapolis
Michigan State Ag. Society	Chicago	September 6 to 10	Chas. F. Mills	Chicago
Michigan State Ag. Society	Des Moines	September 14 to 17	J. R. Shaffer	Des Moines
Michigan State Ag. Society	Chicago	September 30 to Oct. 3	Geo. Y. Johnson	Chicago
Michigan State Ag. Society	Lexington	Aug. 31 to Sept. 4	Thos. L. Martin	Lexington
Michigan State Ag. Society	Holena	August 28 to 31	Frank Pope	Holena
Michigan State Ag. Society	Lincoln, Neb.	September 10 to 17	Robt. W. Furness	Lincoln, Neb.
Michigan State Ag. Society	Utica	September 23 to 28	T. V. Harrison	Utica
Michigan State Ag. Society	Philadelphia	Sept. 30 to Oct. 3	D. W. Seller	Philadelphia
Michigan State Ag. Society	Columbia	September 10 to 17	Thos. W. Holloway	Columbia
Michigan State Ag. Society	Wheeling	September 6 to 11	Geo. R. Hook	Wheeling
Michigan State Ag. Society	Madison	September 20 to 24	John Babitt	Madison
Michigan State Ag. Society	Hamilton, Ont.	September 21 to 26	Henry Wade	Hamilton, Ont.
Michigan State Ag. Society	Waterloo	October 4 to 8	W. H. Lees	Waterloo
Michigan State Ag. Society	South Bend	September 20 to 24	Chas. F. Towle	South Bend
Michigan State Ag. Society	Oakbrook	October 13 to 17	A. C. Austin	Oakbrook
Michigan State Ag. Society	St. Louis	October 4 to 9	F. J. Wade	St. Louis
Michigan State Ag. Society	London	September 11 to 15	Chas. F. Towle	London
Michigan State Ag. Society	Toronto, Ont.	September 6 to 11	R. W. Cunningham	Toronto, Ont.
Michigan State Ag. Society	Lawrence, Kan.	September 6 to 11	R. W. Cunningham	Lawrence, Kan.

MICHIGAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY FAIRS.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
Central Michigan Ag. Society	Lansing	Sept. 27 to Oct. 1	B. B. Baker	Lansing
Michigan State Ag. Society	Ypsilanti	September 21 to 24	Geo. F. Lewis	Ypsilanti
Michigan State Ag. Society	Grand Rapids	September 30 to Oct. 3	James Cox	Grand Rapids
Michigan State Ag. Society	Ann Arbor	September 20 to 24	G. S. F. Smith	Ann Arbor
Michigan State Ag. Society	Brighton	October 13 to 14	Thos. Dahmann	Brighton
Michigan State Ag. Society	Dowagiac	October 5 to 8	J. O. B. Craft	Dowagiac
Michigan State Ag. Society	Fenton	October 5 to 8	Walter Blackmore	Fenton
Michigan State Ag. Society	South Bend	September 20 to 24	Chas. F. Towle	South Bend
Michigan State Ag. Society	Greenfield	October 5 to 8	C. C. Merrill	Greenfield
Michigan State Ag. Society	St. Joseph	September 14 to 17	R. M. Smith	St. Joseph
Michigan State Ag. Society	Farmington	September 21 to 24	J. M. Collier	Farmington
Michigan State Ag. Society	Plymouth	October 5 to 8	A. A. Mather	Plymouth
Michigan State Ag. Society	Peterborough	October 5 to 8	W. C. Nichols	Peterborough
Michigan State Ag. Society	Litchfield	October 5 to 8	L. A. Agard	Litchfield
Michigan State Ag. Society	Albion	September 20 to 24	G. H. LaFleur	Albion
Michigan State Ag. Society	Bay City	September 20 to 24	W. H. Pennell	Bay City
Michigan State Ag. Society	Coldwater	Sept. 27 to Oct. 1	D. W. Plak	Coldwater
Michigan State Ag. Society	Niles	Sept. 27 to Oct. 1	E. P. Kelly	Niles
Michigan State Ag. Society	Hastings	Sept. 27 to Oct. 1	C. A. Bauer	Hastings
Michigan State Ag. Society	St. Johns	Sept. 27 to Oct. 1	W. H. Hooper	St. Johns
Michigan State Ag. Society	Charlevoix	September 21 to 24	John Ketchum	Charlevoix
Michigan State Ag. Society	Hilldale	Sept. 24 to Oct. 1	F. M. Holloway	Hilldale
Michigan State Ag. Society	Adrian	Sept. 24 to Oct. 1	J. L. Miller	Adrian
Michigan State Ag. Society	Lapeer	Sept. 24 to Oct. 1	J. B. Butterfield	Lapeer
Michigan State Ag. Society	Midland	September 20 to 24	H. A. Fairchild	Midland
Michigan State Ag. Society	Benoni	September 20 to 24	N. Brodie	Benoni
Michigan State Ag. Society	Monroe	September 20 to 24	T. J. Shoemaker	Monroe
Michigan State Ag. Society	St. Joseph	September 20 to 24	H. A. Fairchild	St. Joseph
Michigan State Ag. Society	Oshtemo	September 20 to 24	S. M. Cross	Oshtemo
Michigan State Ag. Society	Ypsilanti	September 20 to 24	A. L. Williams	Ypsilanti
Michigan State Ag. Society	Paw Paw	September 20 to 24	E. L. Warren	Paw Paw

THE OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS

CONTINUE TO MANUFACTURE THE

BEST PLOWS IN THE WORLD

OLIVER'S COMBINATION PLOWS.

The most popular plows in Michigan giving splendid satisfaction.

We have the above number of plows on hand and are ready to ship them at once.

No fancy prices. I can suit you, both as to price and quality. You will see the largest number to select from.

Among the lot are several pure bred animals to head any herd in America. I have Young Marys, Young Phyllis, Rosabellas, Arabellas, Adalides, Joan Duchesses, Galassias, Ethelias, Peach Blossoms, etc. Part of these animals are of my own breeding, others are from the celebrated French and English bloods of T. Corwin Anderson and Clayton Howell of Mount Sterling, Kentucky.

JAMES M. TURNER, Springdale Farm, Lansing, Mich.

Percheron Horses!

Ireland Home Stock Farm, Grose Lake, Wayne County, Mich.

Ten pure bred stallions, ten pure bred mares, and a stock of all ages. Also high grade stock, and a large number of pure bred animals.

For the above plows or any of the Oliver series apply to the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, South Bend, Indiana.

Write for Circulars and Full Particulars.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE!

I have about Twenty head of fine

Cows, Heifers and Calves,

for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Write for description, prices and records, stating what is wanted. A. L. FORBES, Stockbridge, Mich.

PERCHERON HORSES!

500 PURE-BRED HORSES

Of the most popular families, all recorded with

Extended Pedigrees in the Percheron Stud-Books of France and America, now on hand

at Oakdale Farm.

DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Lenawee County, Mich.

breeder of Percheron cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Write for prices. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

N. B. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Percheron cattle. Young animals for sale. Also breeder of Norman Percheron stock with imp. Alderbrook at the head of the stud. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Mt. Ionia Co. Ill.

NORTON FITCH, Sparta, Kent Co., breeder of thoroughbred Percherons. Stock from good families for sale. Write for breeding and prices.

O. SNOW & SON, Oakdale Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, breeders of thoroughbred Percherons. Families represented are Young Marys, Phyllis, Galassias, Ethelias, Peach Blossoms, etc. Correspondence promptly answered.

S. CHAFFER, Byron, Shawansee Co., breeder of Percheron cattle. Merino Sheep and Poland China Swine. Stock recorded. Stock for sale.

H. ELLIWOOD, Rose Corners, P. O. address Fentonville, Genesee Co., breeder of Percherons. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

W. E. BOYDEN, proprietor Spring Creek Stock Farm, breeder of Percheron cattle and Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

W. O. WILSON, Wilmot, Oakland Co., breeder of Percheron cattle, of the Kirklington, Dukes of Sharn, Lillies, Lady Helen, Rosemary, Duchess of Sutherland, and other families. Herd headed by the Bates Bull Kirklington Lad and 4000, and 4000, and 4000.

W. M. FISHER & SON, Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, breeders of Percheron cattle of Victoria, Rosemary and Darlington tribes. Correspondence solicited.

W. M. RALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Percheron cattle. Principal families, Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Oakbrook. Also breeder of thoroughbred American Percherons. Stock for sale. Write for prices.

W. M. ALEX. McPHERSON, Howell, Mich., breeder of Percheron cattle. Principal families, Waterloo, Young Phyllis, Lady Helen, Duchess of Sutherland, and other families. Herd headed by the Bates Bull Kirklington Lad and 4000, and 4000, and 4000.

Five Million Celery Plants

FOR SALE.

Twenty-four varieties, including Henderson's self-blanching White Plant, Golden Heart, Boston Market, etc. Potted plants for growing in the house. Price for 100, \$1.00; for 500, \$5.00; for 1,000, \$10.00. Address, H. L. STEWART, Tecumseh, Mich.

NEW SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.

A cross of the Diehl and Mediterranean, red chaff, short beard, stiff straw, such as agents are putting out through the State on shares. They furnish seed to the farmer to deliver half next fall at the depot. Is a good yielding wheat, light amber color. Will deliver on cars at \$2.00 per bushel, good and clean seed.

JOSEPH MORRIS, Marietta, Sanilac Co., Mich.

ARKANSAS!

Pamphlets, circulars, etc., descriptive of Arkansas, furnished free on application. Enclose \$3 stamp for postage. C. E. KESEY, Room 2, Brady block, Detroit, Mich.

MEDITERANEAN-DIEHL Hybrid Seed Wheat.

Possesses all the salient qualities of the parent stock. Thirty-seven bushels per acre this year on stubble. \$1.25 per bushel. MCBRIDE BROS., Burton, Shawansee Co., Mich.

Australian White Seed Wheat!

This is a variety grown from a few kernels taken from the exhibit shown at Paris in 1875, which took the gold medal as the best white wheat on exhibition. It is a red chaff, bald variety, with short stiff straw, that never cracks under. Berry white, short and plump, and yields on good land better than any other wheat. It is the ideal white wheat for Michigan. Price, \$1.50 per bushel, or \$1.00 for 50 bushels, or \$1.00 for 100 bushels, or \$1.00 for 200 bushels, or \$1.00 for 300 bushels, or \$1.00 for 400 bushels, or \$1.00 for 500 bushels, or \$1.00 for 600 bushels, or \$1.00 for 700 bushels, or \$1.00 for 800 bushels, or \$1.00 for 900 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,000 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,100 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,200 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,300 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,400 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,500 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,600 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,700 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,800 bushels, or \$1.00 for 1,900 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,000 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,100 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,200 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,300 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,400 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,500 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,600 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,700 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,800 bushels, or \$1.00 for 2,900 bushels, or \$1.00 for 3,000 bushels, or \$1.00 for 3,100 bushels, or \$1.00 for 3,200 bushels, or \$1.00 for 3,300 bushels, or \$1.00 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Poetry.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

Since on my suit, alas!
My lady sweet doth frown,
I lay where she may pass,
A wild rose down.

But first, lest it should grieve,
Thus to be placed so low
Into its heart I breathe
All my heart's woe.

Her nature is so sweet,
Save only unto me,
Even her little feet
Will not wound thee.

Where thine own color glows
Warm on her dainty cheek,
She'll lift thee, happy rose,
Then, dear rose, speak!

My intercessor be,
And in her ear whisper,
"He loveth thee,
Who sent me, dear!"

—Margaret Deland, in Harper's.

REMEMBERED.

I bear through life the pleasant thought of one
forever fair;
I have not witnessed changes wrought by sorrow
pale or care;
I have not seen the lustre leave the light and
laughing eye;
I have not seen the spirit grieve, on cheeks the
soft tints die.

A fadeless bloom is on her face, still brown each
glossy tress;
Her form bath all its youthful grace, her looks
her loveliness;
Her image never can grow old, it stays untouched
by time.

So pure, so fair, my heart doth hold all that she
was at prime.

Miscellaneous.

IN RHETTA'S GARDEN.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

It was only a little spot south of the house,
but the violets blossomed sooner there than
anywhere else, and great bursting pinks
made the air spicy while other people's
were only in bud. There were daffodils in
the grassy border, and blue-bells, and blue
spider-lilies. There were two rose bushes,
one cinnamon, and one damask, while
double sweet gilly-flowers sowed with mignon-
ette and chrysanthemums.

It was a sweet, fragrant, old-fashioned
little garden, which Rhetta's mother had
tended and taken pleasure in, and now it
was Rhetta's. There she worked all her
spare half-hours, sowing and watering, weed-
ing and transplanting, till her little hands
were brown, and her cheeks like her own
cinnamon roses. Aunt Dorcas, in the kitchen,
used to wonder.

"How on air can that child be so content
all alone, out in her posy bed!"

But Rhetta was not so often alone of late,
since they had taken the boarder. Ralph
Callender found that the pleasantest path to
the house lay through the little flower garden;
and when his job of copying failed to
occupy his time, what could be more natural
than to use his leisure helping the blushing
gardener? It was he who carried away all the
weeds, divided the white penny roots and
reset them, and dug more thoroughly than
Rhetta ever could have done, around the
dear old rose bushes.

Over their work they fell to talking, as
young people will, and already Rhetta's
father began to watch them a little anxiously
above his spectacles as he sat on the porch,
while one of the neighbors had remarked
privately to Aunt Dorcas that it was a
pity young Callender was not a man of
fortune as well as of family.

In truth riches had taken unto themselves
wings, and down away from the Callenders
a year before, so that Ralph, instead of be-
coming junior partner in an old and prosper-
ous business, saw nothing before him but
what his two hands could earn, and being
totally unprepared for such a prospect, he
had to take a little time to get used to it, and
to find out which way to turn. Meanwhile
he had drifted to this suburban town, and
while waiting to find a situation as clerk or
accountant, did copying to support himself,
and boarded at Rhetta's.

It was the day they had been transplant-
ing touch-me-nots, and Ralph had thrown
himself down under the plum tree for a res-
pite, while Rhetta pulled the faded blossoms
from the primrose. He might have been
misanthropic enough at that moment if he
had chosen, for the last line of copying lay
upon his table, finished, with not so much
as a hint of an order for any more. Worse
than that, the clerk's place he had been hop-
ing for, had that very morning been given
to another. If he had got it, he could have
spoken to Rhetta at once.

His glance followed her as she bent over
her plants, her garden bonnet dropping back
from her brightly brown hair, and his fingers
sought instinctively a little ring that lay in
his vest pocket. The old Callender pride
had come to this, that he only waited for the
barest chance of being able to earn a living,
before he offered hand and face to pretty
little Rhetta Wood, whose bonny face was
all her dowry.

But he could not help letting love color
his words a little, when he said, presently,
to Rhetta, as he watched her:

"When I make my fortune, you shall
have greenhouses and hot-beds, and gardens
laid out on terraces."

"Like Colonel Porter's?" laughed
Rhetta, blushing over her trowel. "Oh!
Have you ever seen his place, Mr. Callender?
It's over on the west side."

"I think I have passed it," answered the
young man in differently. "Big trees, three
terraces, ribbon beds, and a peacock on the
lawn. Is that the place?"

"Yes; isn't it splendid?" exclaimed Rhet-
ta. "I always go that way when I take a
walk by myself, and oh, how I do long some-
times for things I see the gardener throwing
away—slips, and cuttings, and roots that he
thinks out!"

"Why don't you ask him for them?"

"Ask him?" and Rhetta caught her
breath at the very idea of her doing so au-
dacious a thing. "Why, I wouldn't dare."

"But don't you know them? The family,
I mean?"

"No; how could I? Rose Porter and I

went to the same school, and when she
rides by and sees me, she bows and smiles;
but that isn't being acquainted. She is as
beautiful as a princess. It is time for her to
be at home now; she has been in Washing-
ton all the spring."

Ralph Callender made no answer. He
was busy weaving a true-love knot of grass
blades and when it was done he gave it to
Rhetta. She blushed again over it, and
went on talking about flowers.

"I wish I could get some slips of Colonel
Porter's geraniums," she said; "he has so
many kinds, and I have only this little pink
one. And I want a root of a day-lily very
much, and some tea-rose cuttings, and a
double Genoe violet; a blue salvia, too,
and—oh, Mr. Callender, look! There is
Rose Porter now, driving up the street in
her pony phaeton. Isn't she lovely?"

As the jaunty basket phaeton moved slowly
by, a bright, pretty face glanced from it,
smiling cordially at Rhetta, and then was
overspread by a look of sudden recognition
and pleased surprise at sight of Ralph Cal-
lender, who took off his hat respectfully.

"Why, do you know her?" asked Rhetta,
amazed.

"I find I do. She and my sister Sallie
became great friends two years ago at New-
port—or was it Nahant? And Miss Porter
spent the holidays at our house the next
winter. I thought it must be she when you
described her."

Ralph Callender paused and gazed reflect-
ively at the ground. He was recalling that
gay holiday season when Rose Porter and
his sister were the belles of the set. He
could have counted his friends then by the
hundred, and now—"Poverty does make a
difference," he thought, bitterly. All who
had it in their power to aid him had turned
a cold shoulder. He was simply a poor man
seeking employment, and he felt at odds
with the world.

Rhetta, grown suddenly shy, pulled away
the dead leaves from the pink root, and said
nothing. Newport! Nahant! And people like
the Porters for intimate friends! It
seemed to remove Ralph far from her quiet,
even life and to set him where she had no part.

The basket phaeton was now seen return-
ing down the street, with its pretty occupant,
who stopped her ponies opposite the cottage
with such an evident intention to speak to
Ralph Callender that he at once went out of
the garden and stood in the road at her side.
Rhetta saw them shake hands in the most
friendly manner, heard Rose's musical
laughter and sweet voice, though she could
not distinguish the words; and in a few
moments more, to her surprise, Ralph step-
ped into the phaeton, sat down by Rose,
took the reins in his hands, and drove rapid-
ly away, with a backward glance and smile,
which to Rhetta seemed to say:

"She is an old friend, you see?"

But when he did not come home to dinner
she thought it strange. Her father and
Aunt Dorcas made no comment, for Ralph
had often been absent at that hour when
seeking for employment. Rhetta did not
mention that he drove away with Rose Por-
ter, but a neighbor who watched them, came
in during the afternoon and spoke of it with
great interest. Aunt Dorcas at once felt a
great interest, too, and Rhetta found it so
trying to listen to their remarks and sur-
mises that she slipped out of the house to
her garden, and did hard weeding in her
flower beds for two hours, without sparing
herself. But she heard every step that passed
by on the sidewalk, and knew that Ralph
Callender did not come.

The afternoon passed restlessly away.
He would surely come back by supper-time;
and Rhetta, in a fresh gown, with pansies
at her belt, hummed little songs as she
moved about setting the table for Aunt
Dorcas.

"I wouldn't put on that fish of honey,"
said Aunt Dorcas—"not till you see whether
he's coming."

"Oh, he'll come," said Rhetta; but stop-
ped singing.

Mr. Wood came in, washed his face and
hands at the sink, and sat down in his place
at the table. Aunt Dorcas passed him a cup
of tea.

"Where's Callender?" he asked, looking
around.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Aunt
Dorcas. "He drove off with Rose Porter,
and we haven't caught sight of him since."

"The Porters are old friends of his,"
said Rhetta, flushing up.

"Hum! hum!" muttered her father, as he
drank his tea from the saucer, in which he
had cooled it.

Aunt Dorcas now questioned the girl as to
all she knew about this old friendship, and
at the close said, with the air of one who
meant to do her duty by all, no matter how
mercilessly:

"Well, like as not they'll make a match
of it. Birds of a feather flock together."

Supper was over, cleared away, and all
the dishes washed, but still Ralph Callender
did not come. As it grew dark, Mr. Wood
stroiled off to chat with the neighbors, and
Aunt Dorcas, putting on her bonnet and
black silk shawl, went to the weekly pray-
er-meeting. Rhetta, left free from comment,
went out into her little garden, and leaned
against the plum tree, with a strange, dull
pain gnawing at her heart. It seemed like
days and weeks since Ralph drove away
with smiling, pretty Rose Porter. And she
herself had begun to think of him as some-
how her own. That very morning, under
that very tree there had been in his looks
and in his tones touches of tenderness that
had filled her heart with subtle happiness.
But now it was all over; in an instant she
had lost him. Rose Porter had taken him
away, and though he might come back, he
would never, never be the same Ralph again.
She left a girlish certainty of that.

The little bright dream was over.

At first she did not blame Rose. Very
probably she had loved him two years ago,
and had been influenced to give him up on
account of his poverty, and now, regretting
the step, had come to reclaim him.

"Well, I can take my turn and give him
up too," thought Rhetta, with great hot
tears springing to her eyes. "Only I can
never drive after him and bring him back in
a phaeton."

And at that she threw herself upon the
dewy grass and wept unrestrainedly. She
was too young to be capable of the terrible,
tearless sorrow with which an older woman
may meet bereavement and heart-break.
She only knew that everything had changed
since morning, that Ralph had gone away,

that she was very, very wretched, and that
no one must know of it.

The fire-flies flashed in the grass, the flow-
ers were heavy with dew, the air was full of
the fragrance of mignonette, heliotrope, and
roses, but Rhetta did not heed them. She
only felt that night was kind to make such
darkness and solitude in the garden that no
one could see her or hear her, poor miser-
able little Rhetta Wood, crying for her lost
happiness that had never really been hers.
And now it seemed to her that Rose was
cruel, from the midst of her wealth, her
luxury, and her dozens of lovers, to come
swooping down upon this one chance of bliss
in a lifetime. For Rhetta was sure that in
all the years to come she should never,
never marry. That was all over from this
time forth.

The crickets hummed about her, the night
moths brushed by her unheeded; the moon
rose, but she did not know it. She was
thinking how she should live all her life
long in the little old house. After a while
her aunt Dorcas would die, and she would
be left alone with her father. Then after a
while he too would die, and she would live
on there, an old, lonely woman.

From this reverie she was aroused by the
stopping of wheels, and cheerful voices at
the gate.

"Rhetta! Rhetta!" shouted somebody, in
joyous, manly tones.

She rose to her feet in the moonlight, be-
wildered and uncertain. Was she dream-
ing, or was it Ralph really calling her?

"Rhetta, is that you under the plum-tree?
Come here for a moment to the gate."

Yes, that was Ralph calling her. With
girlish celerity she smoothed back her dis-
ordered hair, and ran to the gate. There he
stood, his arms filled with flowers, which he
loaded upon her, while Colonel Porter's
coachman, who had brought him home, was
almost staggering under the weight of an
immense basket, full of bloom and frag-
rance, which he made haste to deposit on
the garden walk.

"Everything is here," said Ralph, gayly
—"the geraniums, the day-lilies, the tea-
rose bushes, and the double violets. Roots,
slips, cuttings, all you wanted, you have
them now, and I'll set them every one out
for you."

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" mur-
mured Rhetta, very softly and gently. She
was wholly overcome by the strange ending
of her passionate grief.

The coachman departed, leaving the two
lovers alone in the moonlight garden. Lovers
they were, for Ralph drew Rhetta close to
his heart, while he placed upon her finger
the ring that had waited hidden in his
pocket.

"You know what this means, darling?"
he said, fervently. "My way is clear be-
fore me now. Colonel Porter has given me
a chance in his own business, beyond any
thing I dared to hope. You don't know
how hard it has been for me to wait till I
had a right to ask you to be my own little
Rhetta always—always."

Happy Rhetta! The moon ought to have
laughed right out to see how her face had
changed, it was so full now of smiles and
blushes.

Aunt Dorcas, hurrying home an hour later,
eager to explain how she gone to sit awhile
with poor old Mrs. Davis, who had solacia,
was taken all aback by hearing merry voices
under the plum-tree, and finding Ralph
and Rhetta there at work with trowels set-
ting out roots and tying up plants.

"Rose Porter sent me all these!" ex-
claimed Rhetta, triumphantly—"all this
great basketful of loveliness and luxury,
and we must set them every one out to-night,
because night is the best time, and they
will get the dew."

"For the land sakes!" ejaculated Aunt
Dorcas. "Don't you want the lantern?"

"Oh, the moon is as bright as day," said
Ralph, as he paused to choose a place for a
fine blue salvia.

"Well! well!" the old lady exclaimed;
and then as she dimly comprehended
that something in the glimmer of youth and
romance might make it a thing to be de-
sired to dig in gardens at unusual hours, she
said no more, but went quietly into the
house.

CHANGING HIS MIND.

Rufus Jones was a self-made, self-witted
man, who had the peculiar characteristic of
changing his plans constantly. When he
built a house he drove the architect nearly
crazy by his new suggestions, and his car-
penters quite out of their minds by his new
views upon a closet, or the place of a win-
dow, or the course of a new gas pipe. Every
day he had some fresh scheme, from the im-
provement of a business letter-head, to a
great moral reform for the people. Nothing
was done simply or quietly but always with
complex plans for the accomplishment, mak-
ing himself twice as much work as was nec-
essary, and tiring everybody with needless
details. Every new plan seemed to Rufus
Jones a very important matter to be executed
at once. Yet usually before it was finished,
some other whim had completely changed
the current of events. He was lord and
master in his own house, and wife and child-
ren revolved around him of necessity. He
was a kind man at heart, proud of his family,
but his peculiarity of constant change dis-
arranged the domestic hearth very greatly.

One day Mr. Jones appeared at the studio
of Mr. Van Norman, a brain new artist di-
rect from New York. He had come to try
his fortunes in a western city, as the former
place was so uncomfortably full of artists,
many of whom found the earning of a living
the most important of the arts. Mr. Jones
courtly frame and bland smile made a pleas-
ant impression upon the painter. "Good
morning. Perhaps you've heard of me? I am
president of the Lake Kenosha Mining
Company; large corporation and doing an
excellent business," and Mr. Jones complac-
ently stroked his beard just threaded with
gray. "I live on Plato Avenue. Perhaps
you have seen the house—my own design; I
find architects have to be told a great many
things," and the mine-owner laughed as he
remembered the various discomfitures of his
architect.

"I was east last summer with my family
at Nantasket, and I want a large picture
painted of us all, seated on the beach,
watching the play of the water."

"Yes, sir!" said the artist, "I think I can
make a satisfactory picture. I have lived on
the Atlantic Coast, and know the shore
well."

"Have the Nantasket house in the back

ground, because it shows up well, and place
Mrs. Jones at my side. You might paint her
a little younger than she really is, because I
think that would please her. Louisa and
her lover at our right, engaged in earnest
conversation, and Ruth and Tommy could
be digging holes in the sand. I should like
a schooner, sails all set, bearing down to-
wards us. The watching of her would give
an interested expression to our counten-
ances."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," and the artist bowed
him out.

"You will have a rich time with Mr.
Jones," said a brother artist in an adjoining
studio. "He changes his mind so often that
he is the jest of the town."

"I'll manage him. Trust me for that,"
was the reply.

Mr. Van Norman gave himself eagerly to
his work.

Mrs. Jones was painted with something
more of the attractions of youth than she
really possessed, and Mr. Jones with the
dignity of a governor. All parties seemed
pleased. One morning there was a loud rap
at the door, and Mr. Jones entered, quite
out of breath.

"I say, Mr. Van Norman, you must drop
out Louisa's bean. I don't know what's
happened, it would be awkward to have a
young man represented as belonging to the
Jones family, when things have taken a dif-
ferent turn."

This was a difficult matter, but the artist
arranged it as neatly as possible, not with-
out some decided remarks to his artist friend,
however.

The warm weather took the Jones family
as usual to Nantasket beach. Prices had
greatly advanced on account of the increased
popularity of the coast, and the bills were
quite beyond Mr. Jones' expectations.

A very heated conversation with the land-
lord left both parties in anything but a pleas-
ant frame of mind. The outcome was the
following letter to Mr. Van Norman:

"Please paint the Nantasket house out of
my picture. The proprietor shall have no
advertising in the Jones mansion."

Mr. Van Norman was not pleased but he
painted it out.

The Jones family, while at the sea-shore
had often discussed this painting which was
to be the delight of future generations. They
had variously grouped themselves upon the
beach to note the effect. A wrecked vessel
had produced quite a sensation and again Mr.
Jones wrote to have this schooner painted in
rather than the one in full sail as it would be
"more effective."

Van Norman was angry at this change,
but saying to himself, "He will pay for
these whims," went on with his work.
A few days after Mr. Jones returned from
Nantasket, he appeared at the studio leading
a diminutive pug dog.

"Mr. Van Norman, I've brought you
Louisa's pet to take the place of her lover.
She says she prefers pups to young men
now-a-days, and I like to give her her way."

"Mr. Jones," said Van Norman, full of
wrath, "you've spoiled the picture. No
artist can paint when a man doesn't know
his own mind for ten days at a time."

The rich man felt his dignity insulted.
"Young man," he said, "when I hire you
to paint a picture for me I want it done ac-
cording to my directions and not yours.
You will get your pay for it and that's all
you can ask. Rufus Jones has a mind of
his own and reserves to himself the right to
change it."

Only once more was the picture changed.
The president of the Kenosha Mine had for
some time been giving his time to the founda-
tion of a society to be called "Fellows of
Order and Love." It was to make a univer-
sal brotherhood for man; to build up good
citizenship, restore peace, elevate the people,
and prepare the way for the millennium. He
desired to go down to posterity as the found-
er of so glorious an organization. He wished
to be painted with a scroll upon his knees
bearing the initials of this benevolent orga-
nization.

Van Norman with a peculiar smile worked
away at the desired change, and in ten days
the whole Jones family came to see the great
picture.

It was truly a marvel to behold, but the
artist had followed Mr. Jones' directions.
The pug dog was painted over the man, the
wreck upon the steamer in full sail; the
whole, in fact, was an incomprehensible, in-
distinguishable thing, the only excellent
feature was the rotund figure of Mr. Jones
with the initials on the scroll upon his knees,
F. O. O. & L., and "and," because it
was an unimportant word, being made small
by the artist. The letters made a very sig-
nificant and appropriate word, but Mr. Jones
was not satisfied.

Louisa screamed, and the mother well
nigh fainted, and the father was like a
maniac.

"Fool! fool!" shouted Jones. "I'll make
you sweat for that. A second, a vagabond,
to serve me such a mean trick!"

"I painted according to your directions,"
said the undisturbed artist, "and now I ex-
pect my pay."

"Never! sir, never!" and the whole Jones
family strode out of the studio.

The matter was tried at law, and the
painting brought into court, to the unbound-
ed amusement of all spectators. The suit
was decided in favor of the artist, who had
worked faithfully and under special direc-
tions, \$1,000 being awarded him. Rufus
Jones had indeed reserved to himself the
right to change his mind, but he paid dearly
for the privilege.—Sarah K. Bolton in Cot-
tage Hearth.

Jumbo, alive, weighed seven tons;
stuffed, he weighs three tons. His
height is twelve feet; length, fourteen
feet; girth measurement, eighteen feet.
The skin is nailed to a wooden form,
over which it is stretched. Seventy-four
thousand four hundred and eighty nails
were used in nailing it and not one of
them shows. A string that will pass
around two ordinary men under the
arms—standing back to back—will just
pass around the leg of Jumbo.

EXERCISING HIS PREROGATIVE.—"Dan."

"Does not the Constitution give the Presi-
dent the right to disapprove of all bills?"

"It does, sir."

"Without exception?"

"I know of no exception, my liege."

"Thanks, Dan. Then I will return this mil-
linary bill with my disapproval."

A Necessity of Civilization.

The telegraph boy, whether he like
him or not, is a necessity of civilization.
He may knock up against pedestrians in
the street in a rather thoughtless man-
ner, and now and then—but this is a
very rare occurrence—he may neglect to
deliver an important despatch owing to
the superior attractions of "knockle-
down," or he may exhibit less speed in
getting back to his headquarters after the
message has been delivered at the
private address that he showed on the
route out. It is quite impossible, by
any process at present known to science,
to prevent boys now and then from being
a little boyish, and, if it were possible,
it would be a great pity to apply the pro-
cess. As a general rule, it must be
admitted that the telegraphic urchin acts
as a very faithful "bailie" of the buff
colored envelope during its transit from
the nearest postoffice to its destination.
The world would be somewhat duller,
the streets would be a trifle less lively,
by the total suppression of telegraph boys.
If, for example, everybody took to the
plan of hooking themselves on to a tele-
phone office, the use of the telegraph
messenger would suddenly cease. We
should miss him very much. Some idle
tears might be shed, especially on whose
favorite corns no blundering boy has
ever trod, in contemplating his sad and
untimely fate. In process of time we
may arrive at some invention which will
entirely obviate all need of any inter-
mediary to distribute the telegraphic
messages as they arrive. Telegraph
wires may be laid on to every house, like
the water and the gas. Or, as we have
hinted, telephones may come into gen-
eral popularity. Or a patent double-
barreled automatic and mechanical tele-
graph boy may be discovered among the
inventions of the dim and distant future,
which will bring our messages round to
our separate doors with lightning-like
rapidity and unfailing regularity. There
would be no fear of a mechanical boy
playing pitch-penny in the gutter.

These developments may, we repeat, be
reserved for posterity to gloat over. At
present, however, we cannot do without
the human, the often much too human,
telegraph boy. He indisputably holds
the field.

The Improvement of Umbrellas.

The improvement of umbrellas has
been a field well cultivated by inventors.
Hundreds of patents have been taken
out, most of them for useless and some
of them for fantastic and grotesque
notions. One brilliant inventor devised
a combination of umbrella and fowling
piece, though this might perhaps be
more justly reckoned among gun patents
than among umbrella patents. Another
inserted a pipe in the stick, so that one
might console himself with tobacco
while battling with the elements. A
third fixed a sun dial in the handle. A
fourth, laying himself out to please an
effeminate generation, proposed that
a kind of warming-pan arrangement should
be inserted in the stick, so as to insure
that the fingers should not be chilled on a
cold day. Another patentee put a
small window in the cloth so that the
wearer might see where he was going
and avoid unpleasant and undignified
encounters with strangers. Another
thought it would be a nice thing to
have a curtain tucked away inside the
rib, which could be let down so as to
envelop one's body like a mantle, and
yet another conceived that the umbrella
might have its silken expanse folded up
inside the stick, and went to the expense
of patenting his idea. The umbrella we
carry about to-day does not seem sus-
ceptible of improvement, except in one
direction. There can be no doubt that
the circular shape, with the stick passing
through the centre, does not give the
greatest possible amount of protection
for the quantity of silk exposed. When
the rain is coming straight down a man
wants to be where the stick is, right in
the centre of his little canopy. As it is,
he is pushed to one side, and, one
shoulder gets wet, while part of his
umbrella is of little use to him. It may
be impossible to remedy this defect, but,
if not, the man who succeeds in doing
so will probably be lucky enough to
carry off the fortune which the ingenious
gentlemen just referred to fondly hoped
in their day to obtain. What is most
wanted, however, is an invention which
would cause an umbrella, when lent
to a friend or left behind in a shop,
to return to its owner like a boomer-
ang.

Extinction of the Buffalo.

The tribes of Northern Montana, until
within a few years, derived a large
income from the sale of robes, and
also dried large quantities of buffalo
meat for food. Frequently the Indians
of a single agency would bring in, from
the great buffalo hunt, five or six thou-
sand robes, the best of which they
would sell for \$5 apiece. Those were
flush times for the traders. They would
pay for the robes in goods at a large
profit and then sell the robes at a good
advance. But now customers are few
and poor, and the trader's life is not an
active and inspiring one. The buffalo
disappeared suddenly. A goodly num-
ber were killed in 1883, a few in 1883,
and not one in 1884. Since the dis-
appearance of the buffalo the Northern
Montana Indians have suffered much
from want of food, and there have been
too many cruel deaths by starvation.
Congress, however, has made special
appropriations for their relief and saved
them from extinction.

(Continued from First Page.)

extract from the Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

"There is danger of our wool-growers getting too much Merino in their flocks. The wool from the pure-bred Merino is not as salable as if it contained a cross of coarse wool, and Montana must produce the most marketable article. The heavy woolly fleece of pure Merino is not desirable to grow. This class of wool can be imported from Australia at a much less cost than it can be produced here, and this may be, in a measure, true of all grades of wool, but so produced abroad there is an excellent field to work in. Montana growers have hit upon a happy combination by crossing the Cotswold on the Merino—that produces a wool that is becoming very popular, and brings good prices; and so long as they continue to produce so desirable an article their success is assured. But as scientific breeding has not yet been able to bring forth a sheep that bears the required staple that will reproduce itself, there is great danger of drifting out of the proper line. The completion of a flock of sheep may be changed entirely in a few years, and unless great care is taken it will change in a short time. Growers must, therefore, be on the alert and keep up the proper cross. Do not allow your flock to get too close to the pure Merino. Keep them with at least one quarter of the long-wooled blood in their veins. The flock that will average seven or eight pounds is pretty near right. Of course the more weight the better, if it is not obtained at the expense of the desirable quality of the wool. Montana is one of the finest wool-growing regions in the world, and if our growers breed judiciously, the time is not far distant when Montana wool will bring the top price paid for American wools."

The British Grain Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express* of yesterday, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says:

"The unsettled weather and cold nights have retarded the crops. Sunshine is needed badly. Sellers are obtaining an advance of 6d on wheat. In foreign wheat the trade is dull and dragging, but prices are maintained. Flour has been on the advance, the large arrivals. Maize was steady; mixed American spot is rather dear. Grinding barleys are 3d 6d lower. Oats are in fair sale, viz 1 cargo of No. 1 California, which sold at 31s 6d, demand and steady. There were 12 arrivals. Three cargoes were withdrawn and 9 remain. 3 Chilean, 1 Californian, 1 Canadian and 1 New Zealand. Trade forward has been inactive."

The Visible Supply.

A dispatch from Chicago yesterday says that the number of bushels of grain in store in the United States and Canada July 31, and the increase and decrease compared with the previous week, is as follows: Wheat, 34,656,798 bu.; increase, 2,469,354 bu. Corn, 1,947,143 bu.; decrease, 202,850 bu. Oats, 1,758,027 bu.; decrease, 99,486 bu. Rye, 367,894 bu.; increase, 66,600 bu. Barley, 226,786 bu.; decrease, 12,807 bu.

PROFITS OF SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—Mr. D. M. Green, of Plum Grove, Kansas, says in the *Live Stock Indicator*, replying to those who argue that there is no profit in sheep raising under existing circumstances: "I sheared 677 head and got 6,897 pounds of wool, which I have sold at 19c per pound, and brought \$1,310.45. The average was 10 lbs 2 ozs. I also sheared 19 bucks that sheared 235 pounds, an average of 19 4-5 lbs. The heaviest one was 27, and the lightest 15 pounds. I have also raised 270 lambs, which were worth 3p per head, or \$840, making an income from 677 sheep of \$1,850.43, and still people say that sheep don't pay, but I say it is because they do not keep good sheep and then take good care of them."

"THERE is no more use in crying over spilt milk in political management than in making cheese. But if Congress had only been wise enough to put wool on the free list, our woolen manufacturing interests would have been vastly benefited and the price of fine wools would not have been a farthing less than they now are. Our farmers cannot sell their wool to advantage when half the woolen mills are stopped."

The above appeared in the Philadelphia Record just before the late advance in wool. What does this editor think of the situation now? And what advance would the wool-growers have received if the duty had been taken off as recommended?

THREE classes of the students at the Agricultural College and the Executive Board are at variance over the question of the competency of one of the faculty, and this has developed finally into a question of discipline. We prefer to comment on the matter in its proper shape, as only likely to add to the trouble. The Board we it to themselves to deal fairly with the students, as we believe they will; but discipline is a stern necessity in all such institutions.

Veterinary Department

Wind Galls, or Bursal Enlargements About the Fetlock Joints.

BROOKLYN, July 25, 1886.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
Please give me treatment for puffs or wind galls. My colt one year old has been swelled at the ankle joints behind for about four months; it seemed to involve the entire joints, but they are getting worse on inside. Is not lame much if any. Caused by wrenching and playing on frozen ground last winter. Blistered once without perceptible benefit. I notice he knuckles over on them occasionally. LESTER WARNER.

Answer.—"Puffs or windgalls," as they are commonly called, are bursal or synovial enlargements about the fetlock joints. A permanent cure may be made by the constant application of compresses continued for six weeks or two months. These compresses are made of woolen cloth folded several times to the proper thickness; so arranged as to nicely cover the puffs, first lightly, but gradually increased by an additional thickness of cloth from time to time. These pads must be nicely adjusted and kept in place by bandages neatly and smoothly applied, and continued without interruption the desired length of time. The pads may then be removed, one thickness at a time, at intervals of two or three days. Then give the animal a month's rest before putting in harness. If the colt is not a valuable one, the loss of time and attention will not pay for the benefits to be derived. Any neglect on the part of the attendant may result in failure. Blisters rarely do any good and firing leaves bluishness more unsightly than the puffs.

Probably Elephantiasis in a Mare.

FAIRLAND, July 24th, 1886.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have a grey mare, ten years old. She was running out on pasture about eight weeks ago, and she had a swelling at the fetlock joint, just above the long hair, and just through the skin, and it healed up, and about four weeks after she got lame on same leg, commenced to swell, and it swelled from fetlock joint to body. I bathed with wormwood and vinegar; in about a week it broke on inside of leg, about three inches above where it was cut, and I have kept it running ever since, but the swelling does not go out entirely, and seems hard, but not much fever, if any. Can you tell me what to put on to take out the swelling. Mare eats good; feels as well as she ever did; does not go lame when I drive her. A SUBSCRIBER.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, August 3, 1886.

FLOUR.—Market steady and unchanged.

Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$3 04 @ 04 25
Michigan white wheat, roller process 4 00 @ 04 25
Michigan white wheat, patents 4 50 @ 04 75
Minnesota, bakers 4 00 @ 04 30
Minnesota, patents 5 00 @ 05 25
Low grade winter wheat 3 00 @ 3 25
Rye, Western 3 00 @ 3 25

WHEAT.—The market was not active either for spot or futures, but fairly strong, and at the close was higher than on Saturday, although not up to the best points touched.

Quotations were as follows: No. 1 white, 75¢; No. 2 red, 75¢; No. 3 red, 75¢; rejected red, 65¢. Futures—No. 1 white, September, 75¢; No. 2 red, August, 75¢; September, 75¢; October, 81¢. Export demand good, and crop reports favoring sellers.

CORN.—No. 3 yellow quoted at 43¢; No. 2, 44¢; No. 4, 45¢. Stocks light and market quiet but firm.

OATS.—New No. 2 white quoted at 31¢; No. 2 mixed, 29¢; old No. 2 white, 41¢; old No. 2 mixed, 35¢. Market steady.

BARLEY.—Nothing doing in spot. For October delivery No. 2 is quoted at \$1 50 per cental.

FEED.—Bran is quoted at \$10 10 50 per ton, and middlings at \$10 00 14 00. Market firm.

BUTTER.—Owing to light receipts of choice the market has improved a little. Good to choice dairy is quoted at 12¢ 14¢, with 15¢ sometimes paid. Creamery is quoted at 17¢ 18¢, and in light supply. The outlook is more favorable for sellers.

CHEESE.—New cream is quoted as follows: State full cream, 8¢ 00; New York, 8¢ 00; Ohio, 7¢ 50. Market quiet and steady.

EGGS.—Market dull at 11¢ 11 1/2¢ for fresh stock. Receipts fair.

APPLES.—Quotations for ordinary good to choice fruit are \$1 00 20 30 per bbl. Fancy selections 2 50 3 00 per bbl, and rather scarce.

DRIED APPLES.—Market dull; quoted at 2¢ 20 30 per lb. for sun dried. Evaporated stock quoted at 6¢ 10 12 1/2¢ per lb.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, per box, \$7 00 7 50; oranges, Messina, per box, \$5 00 5 50; bananas, per bunch, \$1 50 2 00 for yellow, and \$1 25 1 50 for red; cocoanuts per 100, \$4 00 5 00; pine apples, \$1 25 1 50 per doz. BEEF—Market steady at 22¢ 30¢ per lb., as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at 13¢ 15¢ per lb.; extracted, 10¢ 12¢. Demand light.

BALED HAY.—Quoted at \$10 00 11 00 per ton for car lots of mixed on track; choice timothy at \$11 00 12 00. Market dull.

HOPS.—New York quoted at 30¢ 35¢, State at 30¢ 35¢, Pacific Coast 22¢ 27¢ per cwt.

BEANS.—Market stronger. City picked are quoted at \$1 40 1 45 per bu.; unpicked are selling at 60¢ 61¢ 9¢ per bu.

SALT.—Car lots, Michigan, 95¢ 1¢ per bbl; eastern, 91¢ 95¢; dairy, 92¢ 25¢ per bbl, according to size of sack; Ashton quarter sacks, 90¢, \$4 50 5 00; fine apples, \$1 25 1 50 per doz. BEEF—Market steady at 22¢ 30¢ per lb., as to quality.

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active; prices declined 5¢ 10¢; common to fair, \$3 00 3 30; good to choice shipping, \$4 00 4 15; cows and heifers, \$3 40 4 50; bulls, \$4 00 4 15; native stockers strong at \$3 00 3 30. Sheep, receipts 7,400; market dull and lower; \$3 00 3 15; lambs steady; inferior to fair, \$3 00 3 15; choice to extra, \$4 25 4 50; extra, \$5 25 5 40; market closed weak. Hogs, receipts, 10,880; market steady; light pigs, \$4 20 4 40; grassers dull and unsettled at \$4 50 4 70; selected Yorkers, \$4 80 5 10; selected medium, \$5 25 5 50; coarse mixed heavy ends, \$3 00 3 10; stags, \$3 25 3 50; market weak.

CHICAGO.—Cattle, receipts 6,000; shipments, 1,800; market strong and active; shipping steers, 900 to 1,500 lbs, \$3 00 3 10; stockers and feeders quiet, \$2 80 3 10; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 70 3 80; bulk, \$2 00 3 00. Hogs, receipts, 18,500; shipments, 4,000; market steady; rough and mixed, \$4 15 4 45; light weights, \$4 15 4 25; ships, \$2 50 4 15; packing and shipping, \$4 75 5 20.

The cable reports American cattle steady in London. Best steers 12¢ 12 1/2¢ cents per pound dressed weight.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, July 31, 1886.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Ann Arbor	10	61	95
Chesapeake	27	79	147
Columbia	2	95	38
Columbiaville	2	95	38
Dexter	75	18	18
Grand Blain	33	228	70
Greenville	32	129	129
Grand Lodge	23	177	177
Grand Trunk Ry.	67	25	35
Howard City	35	35	35
Highland	12	110	110
Howell	27	62	117
Ironia	89	90	90
LaSalle	95	95	95
Leslie	45	23	23
Marion	38	74	74
Marionville	38	74	74
Marshall	133	30	30
Nashville	59	59	59
Oxford	38	154	30
Portland	37	169	30
Port Huron	189	30	30
Quincy	21	9	9
Rochester	5	35	106
Salem	5	54	54
Tekonsa	12	148	148
Weberville	39	70	70
Williston	16	28	28
Total	426	1,406	2,247

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 4,624 head, against 350 last week. Besides these there were a little over 300 head of western cattle received at these yards for local dealers. The market opened up slow for butchering stock, the quality of the offerings being generally very common. For anything of fair quality prices run about the same as last week, but common cattle sold at a shade lower. Stockers were in good demand and sold a little stronger. The market closed weak at the following:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs. \$5 00 5 25
Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs. 4 25 4 75
Good steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs. 4 00 4 25
Good mixed butchers' stock—Light to medium, 800 to 1,000 lbs. 3 50 4 00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light to medium, 800 to 1,000 lbs. 3 00 3 25
Sullivan & F sold Fitzpatrick 14 mixed westerns at \$14 lbs at \$3 65.

Merritt sold Swift & Co. a fair shipper steer weighing 1,200 lbs at \$4 15; a stag weighing 1,030 lbs at \$3, and a stocker to Sullivan & F weighing 720 lbs at \$2 75.

C. R. Spencer sold Burt Spencer 2 stags at \$18 lbs at \$3 20.

Devine sold H. Robinson a mixed lot of 4 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$25 lbs at \$3 25.

Harwood sold H. Robinson a mixed lot of 4 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$25 lbs at \$3 25.

Butler sold Swift & Co. 30 stockers at \$47 lbs at \$3 25.

Coney sold McIntire a mixed lot of 8 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$50 lbs at \$2 75.

Rupert sold Reagan a mixed lot of 12 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$78 lbs at \$2 75.

Allen sold Swift & Co. 20 stockers at \$38 lbs at \$3 10.

Price sold Fitzpatrick a mixed lot of 8 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$75 lbs at \$2 75.

Price sold Phillips a mixed lot of 20 head of fair butchers' stock at \$46 lbs at \$3 12.

Dennis sold Caplin a mixed lot of 12 head of good butchers' stock at \$75 lbs at \$3 50.

Ward sold Sullivan & F 14 stockers at \$50 lbs at \$3 10.

Allen sold Cplis 21 fair butchers at \$70 lbs at \$3 12 1/2.

McMillan sold Fitzpatrick a mixed lot of 11 head of fair butchers' stock at \$62 lbs at \$3 10.

Burt sold Caplin a mixed lot of 4 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$72 lbs at \$2 75.

"Labor sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 18 head of thin butchers' stock at \$50 lbs at \$2 80.

Lewis sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 29 head of fair butchers' stock at \$80 lbs at \$3 10.

Price sold Reagan 3 thin cows at 1,050 lbs at \$2 50, and 2 bulls at \$40 lbs at \$2 30.

Ramsay sold Swift & Co. 8 stockers at \$90 lbs at \$3, and a bull to Sullivan & F weighing 770 lbs at \$2 25.

Wyman sold Caplin 4 bulls at \$60 lbs at \$3 15.

Green sold Sullivan & F 3 stockers at \$80 lbs at \$3.

Butler sold McIntire a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock at \$64 lbs at \$3.

Price sold Swift & Co. 12 stockers at \$75 lbs at \$2 90, and a stag weighing 1,280 lbs at \$2 75.

Starkweather sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at \$1,130 lbs at \$3 35.

Spicer sold John Robinson a mixed